

One That I Want by orphan_account

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Summary:

Four instances where the world (really, it was just their friends) saw the slow, sappy and grossly sweet relationship between Jonathan and Steve.

One where the bursting energy of love and affection sings between the two.

One That I Want

Author's Note:

Day 6: Fluff and Good Stuff!

(I'm two days behind in my own timezone. I'm going to pretend that I'm in England or America — I'm only a day behind then. I've got a few hours to write the next and final one in time for Christmas Day then. :D)

Anyone who knew them, knew of them, could tell you that they made a disgustingly cute couple. Both boys, Steve Harrington and Jonathan Byers, were head over heels in love with each other, and everyone important to their lives had caught the duo in their moments of tooth-rotting sweetness. It was common knowledge that, should you walk in on the boys unannounced, they'd be in some form of cuddling, snuggling or general acts of coupling.

1. Nancy Wheeler

Jonathan and Steve were begrudgingly following an ecstatic Nancy Wheeler as she danced from aisle to aisle, filling her arms with odd articles of clothing to try on.

Nancy had dragged the boys with her to go Christmas shopping. She will never admit it, however, she had done this as a strategic move. As much as she wanted their help in deciding on her gifts, she also wanted to make sure the boys were sure of theirs and, more importantly, picking the right thing for the right person.

Steve, when left on his own, would aim for gifts which were indescribably dorky and goofy. By her own experience, Steve had gotten her a set of beanies. Two were miniature and labelled 'ear hats', and the rest weren't head sized and labelled 'beer hat'. The damn idiot.

Jonathan, on the other hand, was able to choose nice gifts, however, his choice of wrapping paper and cards made Nancy want to cry. An

odd year or so ago, her younger brother Mike had come home with a Dungeons and Dragons' display figurine from Jonathan. However, much to his disdain, it was wrapped in some collision of fluorescent pink and green with bright red letterings of 'Merry Christmas'. It wasn't well wrapped either. To make matters worse, Jonathan had given Mike a birthday card, tackily corrected to 'Happy Birthday Jesus' instead.

Yeah, they couldn't be left alone.

At some point through the shopping trip, Steve had snagged Jonathan's wrist and yelled at Nancy to 'Keep going, Nance! We'll be in the men's section, Jonny boy is getting an upgrade.' The two had weaved and twisted their way through the plethora of colours to end up in front of the change rooms. Somehow, Steve had snagged a few sweaters on the way, one a rich navy with red accents, another a milky white with cable knit and a few other odd pieces.

Steve shoved the clothing into Jonathan's arms and nudges him into a change room, demanding he "Do a twirl and show me what it looks like."

Nancy finds them an hour later, seated together on one of those sofas for bored boyfriends and husbands outside of the change room. They are essentially cuddled together, giving absolutely no fucks about any public response to their actions. Steve had an arm curled around Jonathan's waist while Jonathan seemed to doze lightly on Steve's shoulder.

Jonathan was wearing something different, a muted green bomber jacket that was most definitely on Steve an hour earlier. It fitted loosely on him, Nancy notices, the sleeves bunching at his wrists.

"Find anything that looks good on him?" she looks at Steve, tilting her head towards Jonathan's apparently asleep form.

"Yes but he got distracted when he stupidly handed me his jacket and I stupidly put it on without question," is the soft and grumbled reply she gets from Jonathan.

Steve just sits beside him blushing as Jonathan continued, eyes now

open and peering mirthfully at Nancy.

“He was all flustered and stumbling over his words, saying things like ‘I.. I didn’t think you’d actually wear *my* clothes.’ And want not,” Jonathan chuckles.

Nancy doesn’t realise it till they have gotten up and gathered their shopping bags, with them offering to take hers as well. She doesn’t see it till Steve tucked a hand in Jonathan’s pocket. She doesn’t hear it till Jonathan grumbles quietly but lets Steve drag his form closer, hips basically bumping

They’re amazing together.

Grossly filled with sugar and sweet things as well, but – perfect.

1. Dustin Henderson and Lucas Sinclair

Steve had slowly become the designated babysitter driver for Dustin. Wherever the curly head of hair wanted to go, Steve would willingly pull up at the boy’s home, honk and yell till he was out and takes the boy down to the arcade or any other location. He didn’t mind the kid – a bit over-confident, but definitely endearing. In all honesty, however, he took on the role of driver for Dustin and the occasional Lucas because he knew that his dearest Jonathan would be there with Will.

When Dustin raced out of the car to greet Will, Mike, El or any other member of the brat pack, Jonathan would sneak up behind him and whisper ‘You’re such a mum’. He would lean his head on Steve’s shoulder and just breathe for a few moments, watching their kids head off to their next piece of conquerable land. They’d sometimes drive off in one car after that. (To an open field, something stereotypical like that, where they’d curl up in the back seat and make out. They’d end up shifting so Jonathan would have his legs around Steve’s hips, straddling the other while he rested his head on Steve’s shoulder, blanketed in a warm embrace.)

This evening, Dustin and Lucas had returned to the secluded carpark to get Jonathan and Steve for some help. The two were running and tagging each other on the way, upholding their usual bickering and

banter they had among themselves. Lucas had gained a bit of distance in front of Dustin while the latter continued to lag behind, sprouting some lacklustre scientific explanation about his slowness combined with bullshit on injustice.

He did immediately stop his jabbering when he saw Lucas stop dead in his tracks, a good ten metres away from the parked vehicles.

At that, Dustin hurried his way towards Lucas, a light edge of concern worming to the front of his mind having been reminded of the events of the past year. He puffs and starts off a holler at Lucas when the boy turned, single finger pressed against his lips, eyes wide and his other hand reaching out to smack itself onto Dustin's face (Lucas would later argue that he was aiming for the general mouth area. Liar.)

There, silhouetted by the solitary beam of the streetlamp are Steve and Jonathan. Unmistakeable figures on their equally unmistakeable care. Steve, with that ridiculously blown up hair, sat on the hood of his ridiculously expensive red BMW. He was half lying on it, body propped up by his arms behind him. Jonathan, a handful of centimetres shorter, hair flat against his head with a slight sweep of the fringe, was curled around Steve, obviously sitting in the older boy's lap, arms draped loosely around Steve's waist to keep himself upright as he rested his head on Steve's shoulder. All the while studying his features.

The two youngsters don't hear it, but Steve speaks as he stares up at the stars, the universe beyond their tiny, fleeting lives.

"Jonny boy, it's damn beautiful out here."

Jonathan follows the movement of Steve's lips, glancing up at Steve's eyes, illuminated from the side with the light of the streetlamp, almost shimmering in awe.

"Yeah, you are."

Dustin spares a moment to coo at his 'parents' in their lovers' embrace. Lucas, on the other hand, takes another glance and gags.

1. Eleven and Mike

Eleven, having found freedom since the last year, frequented Mike's basement, curled up with the said boy in the ever-present blanket fort. They would turn on the night light and talk, talk about who they were, who they became, who they will be. These moments were usually spent alone, a precious half an hour before the rest of the gang got together for their weekly campaigns.

This rare afternoon, Steve and Jonathan were seated nearby on a couch. They had decided to spend time down here since Dustin, Will, Max and Lucas were in Lucas' home fiddling with radios and sassing Lucas' younger sister. (Steve loved her to pieces. She was awesome, always calling him a glorified show dog – those that had their coats nicely groomed and put into strange styles. Jonathan was quieter and loved her equally. She was shy around Jonathan – while he was adamant that it was his aloof persona, Steve was sure that she had found him some form of charming, who wouldn't?)

But anyways, they were on the couch together while Mike and Eleven chatted in their fort. Steve is lying on the couch, stretched out across the length of the piece of furniture sock-clad feet crossed at one armrest and his head pillowed by the other.

Lying on top of him was Jonathan, body also stretched out along the length that was Steve, their legs tangled without care. He was reading, the book rested on Steve's chest, his body propped up on his elbows, avidly turning from page to page, skimming and enthralled by the contents of the book.

For most of it, Steve was just sleeping, one arm wrapped around Jonathan's lower waist, stroking a sliver of skin exposed by a ridden up sweater. But when Eleven and Mike giggled particularly loudly at something, he slipped out of his shallow slumber, the softest of smiles curling at the edges of his lips, crinkling the corners of his eyes at the sight of his boyfriend.

Once again, anyone who knew of Steve Harrington and Jonathan Byers (which really, just comes as one word now: SteveandJonathan) would easily tell you that Steve was beyond gone for his boy. He'd spend his days out of school and work just admiring the boy, picking

at his floppy hair (which he found was very fun to style and poof up, mind you) and trail his fingers across soft milky skin (he loved tracing from freckle to freckle, mole to mole, mapping the boy's body, much to Jonathan's ticklish dismay).

Steve studied the figure laying on top of him for a moment before using both hands to dance across Jonathan's sides, effectively tickling the boy.

In a surprise, Jonathan jolts and knocks his book onto the ground, yelping and squirming above Steve. The childish reaction switches to Jonathan's trademarked annoyed-but-not-serious look. He struggled to grab at Steve's hands, scrabbling and tingly from the ticklish sensation running up and down his spine.

Profanities slipped from the younger's lips between his bursts of laughter, cursing Steve's stupid face to the deepest pool of hair product remover, threatening to shave that 'stupid explosion of hair off your stupidly thick skull'.

None of Jonathan's actions or comments are heard by Steve, who was laughing way too hard.

Eventually, they do pause, panting softly from the debacle while Jonathan relents to Steve's repositioning and shifting. When they do land in a comfortable position, Jonathan straddling Steve's prone form, leaned over to hide in the crook of Steve's neck, they realise the total silence that filled the room.

Glancing over at the blanket fort, they see a curious mop of bouncy curls from El poking out from the blankets and the grimacing features from Mike peering from above her. El ends up pointing at the two and asking "Fools in Love?" to Mike, who simply groans and drops back into the fort to explain.

1. Will

Mostly, the boys would spend their time in each other's bedroom. They would actually be studying, listening to music (which is really just Jonathan bickering to Steve about how shitty Steve's tastes were while Steve just stared adoringly at his boyfriend, ignoring every jab

at his music), chatting about the kids and about their lives or sleeping.

Will liked Steve. He didn't use to, when Jonathan was nothing more than a victim of Steve's consistent bullying. But, Will begrudgingly admits, Steve grew on him. Like fungus. But grew nonetheless. Steve was funny, chatty and energetic, unlike his own brother. He was easily excited and willing to take part in anything and everything, more so than Jonathan. Both Will and his band of merry boys and girls adored the guy. They loved Jonathan as well (cause he curbed whatever insanity Steve cooked up and made mean lunches), but Steve was his own level of special.

Will was used to the pair being sickeningly sweet with each other (his other friends, Nancy included, spoke of diabetes inducing tales, so he steered clear of the bedroom whenever Steve was over). He was used to the crunch of leaves as Steve snuck to Jonathan's bedroom window – he had even waved once when Steve popped by his window by accident. He was used to the soft mumbling and shuffling of papers.

He was used to his brother being so happy.

So when Jonathan fell sick having caught the flu from a combination of Dustin (the germ monster, Steve had called him) and his distaste for thicker and warmer clothing during the colder months (Steve still mother henned Jonathan about this daily) and their mum had to go to work, Will immediately rang Steve and asked him to head over.

When Steve did arrive, he had a slightly concerned yet exasperated expression stuck on his face.

"I knew he would get sick, little Byers," he said, ruffling Will's hair, "Thanks for calling me in to say 'I told you so' to your bother."

Will grins and leads Steve to where Jonathan had set up camp, refusing to deal with his own illness.

He still knocked on the door, letting Jonathan know that he was about to enter. He hears some sluggish shuffling and rustling of blankets and opens the door to find Jonathan standing in the centre of the room, wrapped in a blanket tugged tightly around his

shoulders and bunched in his hands, the tail of the blanket just dragging forlornly on the floor. Jonathan glares blearily at Will before shifting that irritated gaze at Steve. (Will can swear it softens slightly and is happy for his brother.)

“I’ll leave you to deal with this bug,” Will said as he turned to exit the room, door closing after himself.

He doesn’t need to be in the room to know that, as soon as the door clicked shut, no, as soon as Will had turned around, Steve had strode over to Jonathan, arms wrapping tightly around the shorter male. He doesn’t need to check to know that Steve had scooped the boy up into his arms and placed him back on the bed.

Will knew that Jonathan was in good hands and would be coddled and nursed until either his mum returned or Steve inevitably fell asleep with his chest pressed against Jonathan’s back, blankets tucked neatly around both of them. He had walked in after multiple study sessions to that sight and he didn’t know whether to vomit rainbows or rummage for Jonathan’s camera for a picture.

He doesn’t really expect the jokingly riled “You didn’t even get any in the basket!” that Steve said, no doubt pointing at the pile of tissues that built in the corner of Jonathan’s room.

Nor does he expect the “Jonny boy, I love when you wear my sweater, but this isn’t the softest material – let me find something else for you.” It’s so gentle, so caring that Will feels a pang of jealousy, knowing that they rarely had this loving kindness in their home, between members of their family.

But either ways, the older two were disgustingly in love.

1. Together

Realistically, when Jonathan and Steve were alone, they were no different. They were slow, sleepy and cuddling all the time. They were whispering soft nothings, petting each other and just ignoring the world at large in their own little bubble.

What people didn’t know was that they had bursts of energy, or

curiosity.

Sometimes, they would be exploring each other. They'd watch the other arch and moan at an experimental stroke or twist or lick. Steve would groan, deep in his throat, when Jonathan rocked his body against Steve's, so timid and unexperienced. Jonathan would hide his noises in the sleeves of his shirt, mewling softly whenever Steve nipped a bit harder or managed to find another sensitive spot on Jonathan.

Their boundless energy wasn't limited to the bedroom. They'd often jump out of Jonathan's window and run and chase each other through the now familiar woods, dashing madly because, maybe, Steve had stolen Jonathan's mixtape or Jonathan had nicked Steve's jacket. They'd end up tumbling on the ground together, somehow ending up in each other's embrace, laying there and just gazing. Disbelieving that they had found the other.

When at Steve's home, they'd end up at the pool. Steve would be stripped down to his boxers, articles of clothing dropped carelessly as he made his way from his bedroom. Jonathan would have removed his jacket, laid it neatly on Steve's bed, shoes and socks tossed somewhere by the backyard door.

Steve would dive straight into the water, resurfacing for air with his normally styled hair wet and curling behind his ears. Jonathan would have only made it to the side of the pool and sat down, jeans rolled up as he kicked at the water. They'd both end up in there though – usually with Jonathan fully clothed having been tricked in by Steve.

They'd hold their breaths and duck under the water, away from any interaction with the world above. They'd open their eyes and gaze at the other, the silence of the water rushing at their ears. Hand would reach up to grasp the others, each pulling closer before resurfacing for a breath of air. Jonathan would shove at Steve and swim away for wetting yet another set of his clothes. Steve would pout where he stood, arms flailing childishly, hollering that "Jonathan Byers, you still love me though!" Jonathan couldn't agree less.

Ignoring the love struck fool, Jonathan would drag his now heavy body out of the water and tug of his soaking wet shirt, all the while

smiling.

Author's Note:

Per usual; unbetaed and unedited. I plan to edit once Stonathan Week is done and I'm back from holidays. Maybe even after I post the final chapter to that one other fic I should be working on but really am neglecting right now...

Feel free to leave a comment, do whatever.

Have a great one!